

Sketch

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Disenchantment

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City of the Middle West

By Elizabeth Foster

OH, CITY of the Middle West, the gate
To West and East, how vigorously you
Are pushing on. At first a rolling view
Of endless plains, you have now grown of late
A busy thoroughfare. You do not wait
But steadily advance and bravely too.
Oh, city, there I first did venture, new,
To greet the world. And as I contemplate
How deeply you are as a part of me,
I wish that I might lie in your great arms
Tonight and hear your rumbling noises, see
Your bright, gay lights and then your sleeping farms
That margin your out-reaching greedy hands
To take in more and more of country lands.



Disenchantment

By Katharine Griffith

THE PICTURE that stands on her dresser
Brings heart-throbs to all that behold.
He seems like the man of perfection—
All virtues in one fellow rolled.

His dark hair is crisp and quite curly;
His smile is most charming and gay.
His eyes dance and tease, yet are tender
Whenever one glances his way.

But alas for romance and for lovers,
Alas for the dream ne'er to be!
She cares not a whit for the picture—
The boy is her brother, you see.